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MLET

SCOTT STINSON

CLARE VICTOR DWIGGINS

With
Compliments to
Jack Wilstach
from
Clare Tree Major

Dup. to NBX
Be Kept Stims. -1

WHIMLETS

BY S. SCOTT STINSON
PICTURED BY
CLARE VICTOR DWIGGINS

MCMII
HENRY T. COATES & Co.
PHILADELPHIA

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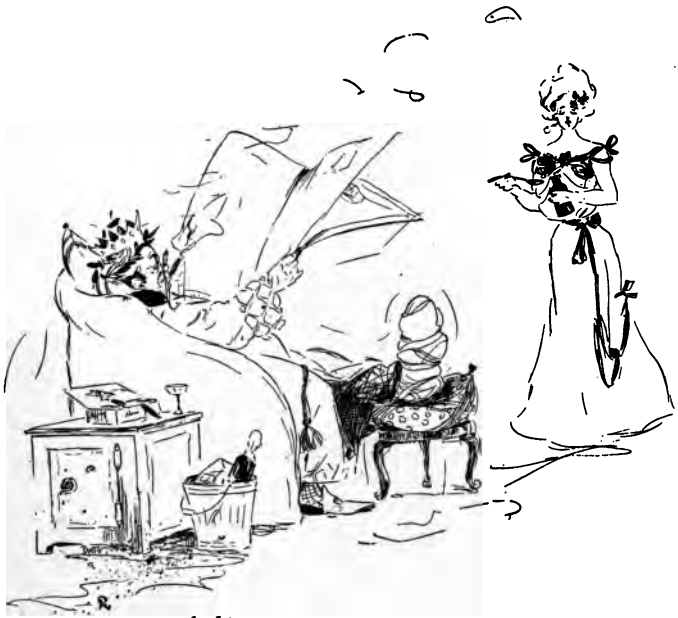
1

Dan Cupid gives us all the laugh,
And this is but the first of it,
He smiles because the better half
May often get the worst of it.



'Tis well man's wants, as such things go,
Are modest. Here's the test—
Man wants but little here below,
And woman wants the rest.

Success or failure are, I wot,
But due, when all is told,
To striking while the iron is hot,
Or striking when it's cold.

4.

It doesn't pay with sweets to be too free,
Though we with opulence be puffed and swollen.
The girl who gives her kisses finds that she
Has never any osculation stolen.

5

The chap who wins the golden prize
And prates about his pluck
Perchance aims high, then shuts his eyes,
And simply trusts to luck.

6
Life may be a fleeting show,
Of wormwood and of gall,
But there are lots of folks, you know,
Who get no show at all.

7

"Why do you weep, fair maid?" I cried.
"I am so happy, sir," she sighed.
"Then why," I said, "this awful fuss?"
She wailed: "It's so monotonous!"

8

Just as some men are born to rule,
While others get a shove;
Sometimes a man is born a fool,
Sometimes he falls in love.

"I would not be cremated,"
The Jester said;
"I have to earn my living;
Why urn the dead?"

10

A pessimist is just a man,
Who, fishing every minute,
May never even get a bite,
And simply glory in it.

II

When Fortune's favors we would woo,
The sweets of life to quaff,
We find she smiles on just a few,
And gives the rest the laugh!

A word to the wise is sufficient;
Philosophers tell us so.
But we're lucky to guess if the word be yes,
Or whether it will be no!

The Chinese differ much from us
In many things of taste,
For while they squeeze a maiden's foot
We squeeze her dainty waist.

14

A woman's love is like her glove;
She wears it at her will.
The more 'tis worn, the more 'tis torn,
The more she treats it ill.

15

The means may justify the end,
And yet we must admit
That our success may oft depend
On knowing when to quit.

16

To call a man a liar is
A risky thing to do;
Unless, forsooth, it is the truth,
And he agrees with you.

17

The man who gets there with both feet
May still be filled with foolish greed,
And think success is not complete
Because he's not a centipede.

There's quite a difference 'tween a wish
And that which one acquires.
For those who catch the smallest fish
Are oft the biggest liars.

19

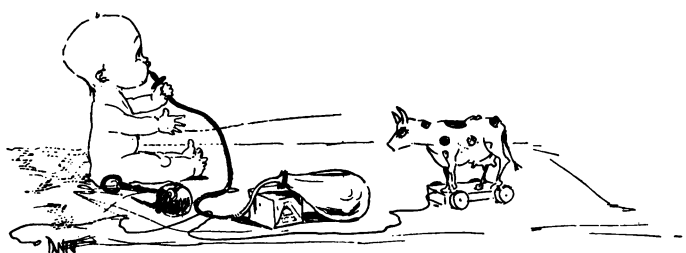
Is life worth living?
There seems a doubt—
We've our misgiving;
Yet would find out,
Without the trying,
Is death worth dying?

20

Appearances do not avail
When judging of a family tree.
The dog that has the shortest tail
May have the longest pedigree.

21

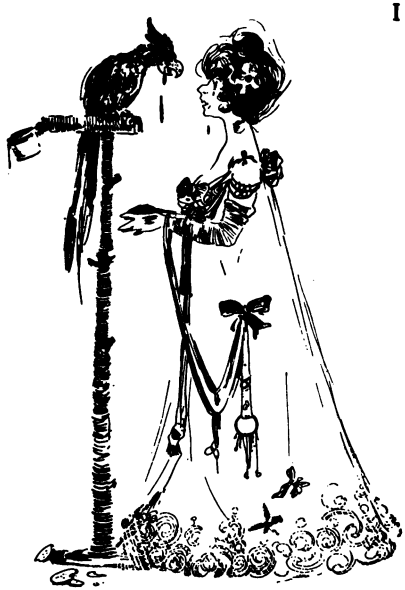
Youth, in its wisdom so profound,
Feels kindly pity without bound
For all the follies of the sage,
The ignorance of hoary age.



22

Is egotism given us for
A reason? I can answer yes.
It keeps a man from brooding o'er
His neighbor's undeserved success.

Fortune came and loudly knocked
At my door, with cheery hail.
But alas! for Fortune's labors,
I was over at my neighbor's
Pouring out a hard luck tale!



"Assume a virtue, though you have it not."
When you are cold, pretend that you are hot;
When you are hot, pretend that you are cold;
When you are broke, pretend you've lots of gold;
When you are flush, pretend that you are broke;
When you are saddest, tell a funny joke.
The world takes man for what man seems to be,
So just assume a virtue, and you'll see.

25

An iron will is manly; still,
While some men have it, others don't.
For every man who has a will
There is a woman with a "won't."

A fool and his money soon part, they say,
Whether hundreds or millions he start with;
But it's worth while being a fool to-day,
Just to have some good boodle to part with.

He gains a name for being wise,
Whose thoughts most sluggish flow,
If he can keep from others' eyes
The things he doesn't know.

28

A woman's heart is like a flower
That blossoms only in the sun.
When clouds arise, though but a shower,
It's beauty fades ere scarce begun.

29

The wise man has—and so should we—
The synonyms well weighed.
A foolish man forsooth is he
Who calls a spade a spade.

30

Brevity's
The soul of wit,
This verse should eas-
Ily be it!

31

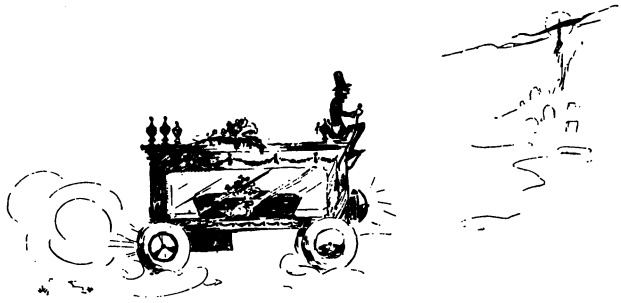
The greatest study of mankind
We used to think was man;
But in these latter days we find
That woman leads the van.

32

These ancient proverbs make me wroth;
They often miss their aim.
Too many cooks can spoil the broth,
But one can do the same.

33

Some people hide their light beneath
A bushel for a bluff,
And know full well a thimble would
Be plenty large enough.

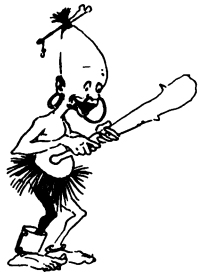


34

To mind your business, as wise men do,
May aid you at fortune's shrine to kneel.
The man who paddles his own canoe
May some day ride in his automobile.

35

Now here is a verse that's as true as it's terse,
And it measures mankind to the letter.
No man is so bad that he couldn't be worse,
Nor so good that he couldn't be better.



The best of us seem to be always in quest
Of something that's novel and new.
And the things we are sure we can always do best
Are the things that we don't have to do.

37

The greed of mankind oft is shown
In ways that we deplore;
The man with troubles of his own
Goes out to borrow more.

38

Financial reciprocity
Is built upon this plan:
A man first makes the money, then
The money makes the man.

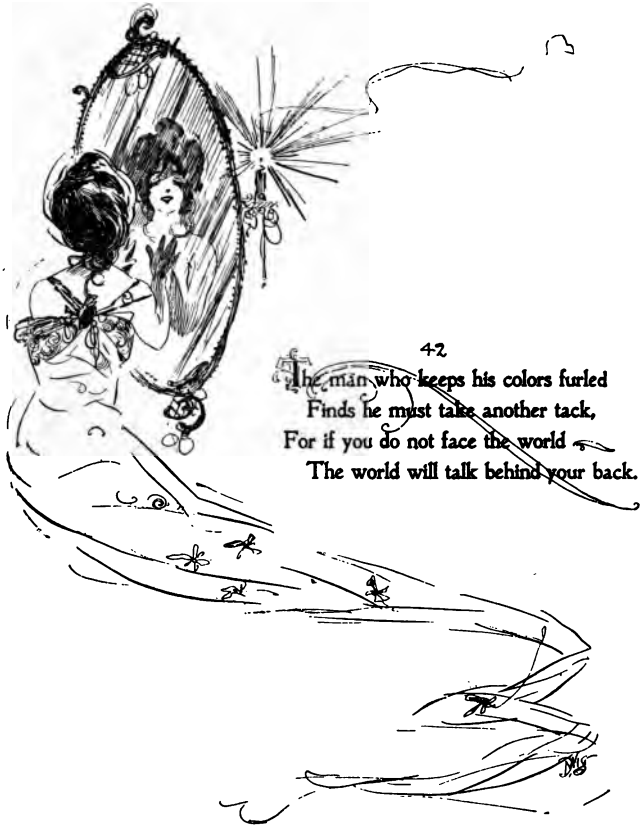
39

Everything comes to those who wait,
And the lazy man waits to greet it;
But success comes on with a rapid gait
To the fellow who goes to meet it.

The cynic scoffs in devious ways,
And places virtue on the shelf;
Nor does he lend his ear to praise,
Unless it be about himself.

41

When women talk they talk as though
They have to prove that they
Must let the other women know
There's nothing left to say.



42

The man who keeps his colors furled
Finds he must take another tack,
For if you do not face the world
The world will talk behind your back.

43

Minerva the goddess of wisdom was,
And she never got married, we learn;
Yet Solomon, who was the wisest man,
Was married, with wives to burn.

44

Oh we might be very thrifty,
With a store of learning, plenty,
Did we know as much at fifty
As we thought we knew at twenty.

45

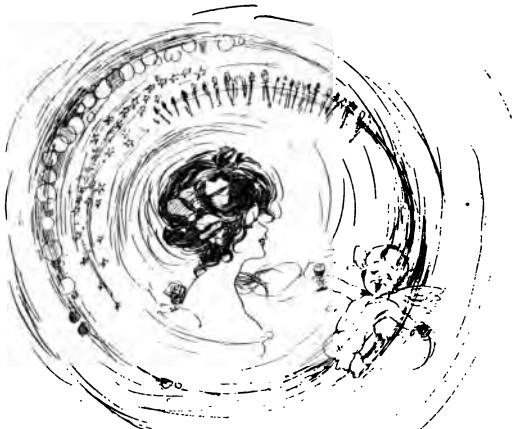
The man indeed is sensitive
Who feels a great vexation
In just the thought that he must live
Up to his reputation.

He scoffs at wounds who never felt a scar,
Nor knows the warlike sound of martial drums.
In truth we never know how brave we are
Until, with cruel test, the moment comes.

When you can read your title clear
To mansions in the sky, beware!
Celestial mansions oft, I fear,
Are simply castles in the air.

If fools and children always tell the truth,
There cannot be so many fools, forsooth!

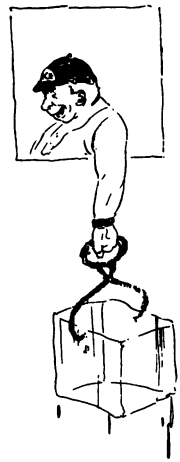
'Twixt pleasure and duty
We all take our choice:
But pleasure's loud calling
Drowns duty's small voice,



Love makes the world go 'round,
I do not care;
It's cash, I've always found,
That makes things square.

51

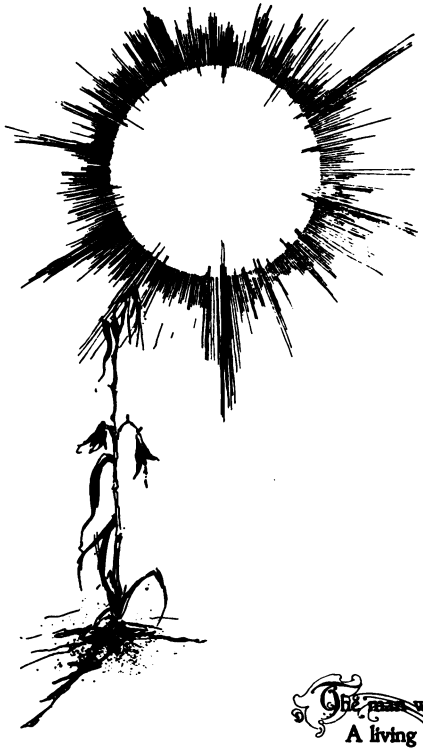
The things we do may bear anon
The fruit that we shall rue.
Success oft times depends upon
The things we do not do.



52

"Be on your guard!" the lover cried;
"At stealing hearts I'm versed."
"You can't steal mine," the maid replied.
"For I shall steel it first!"

With horseless carriages and smokeless powder,
We'll soon have cowless milk and clamless chowder;
And when we get to having beeless honey
We'll probably have wifeless matrimony.



54

The man who says the world owes him
A living on regrets;
Though he berates the world and waits,
It never pays its debts.

55

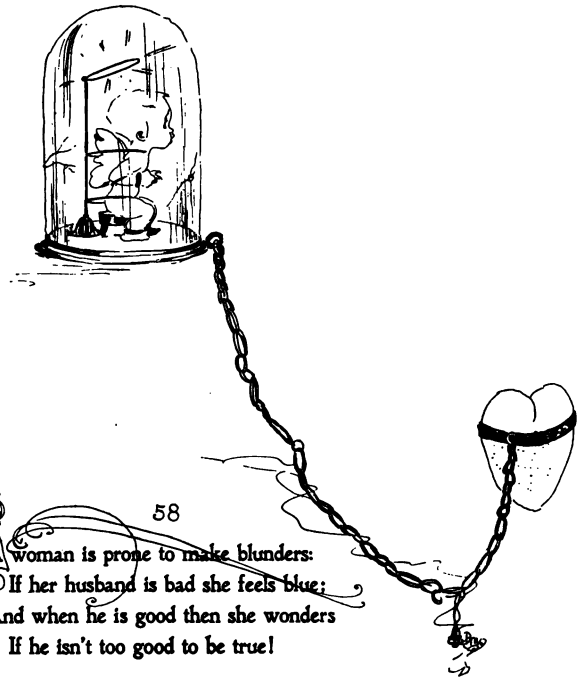
Fame is a bubble
That's pricked while it's growing,
And comes to the fellow
Who does the most blowing.

56

An idol is something that we
May sooner or later acquire,
And then, with a crook in the knee,
Discover we do not desire.

57

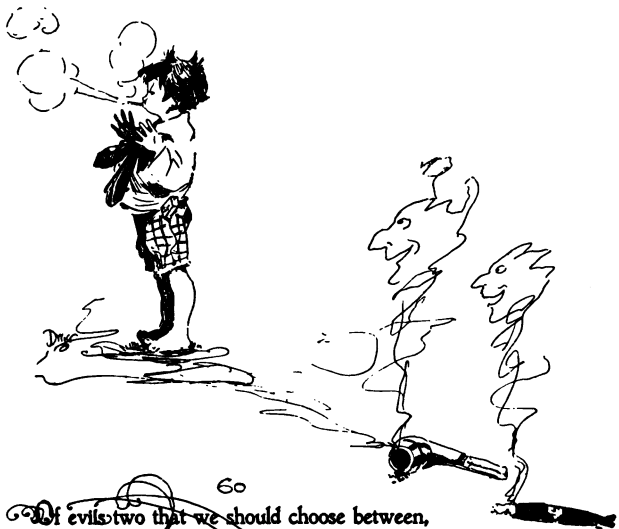
While life may be a fleeting show,
For people of all classes,
We all must pay as eke we go;
For there are no free passes.



58

A woman is prone to make blunders:
If her husband is bad she feels blue;
And when he is good then she wonders
If he isn't too good to be true!

The beauty of a woman's mind
Is chief among her graces;
Yet minds are not made up, we find,
So readily as faces.

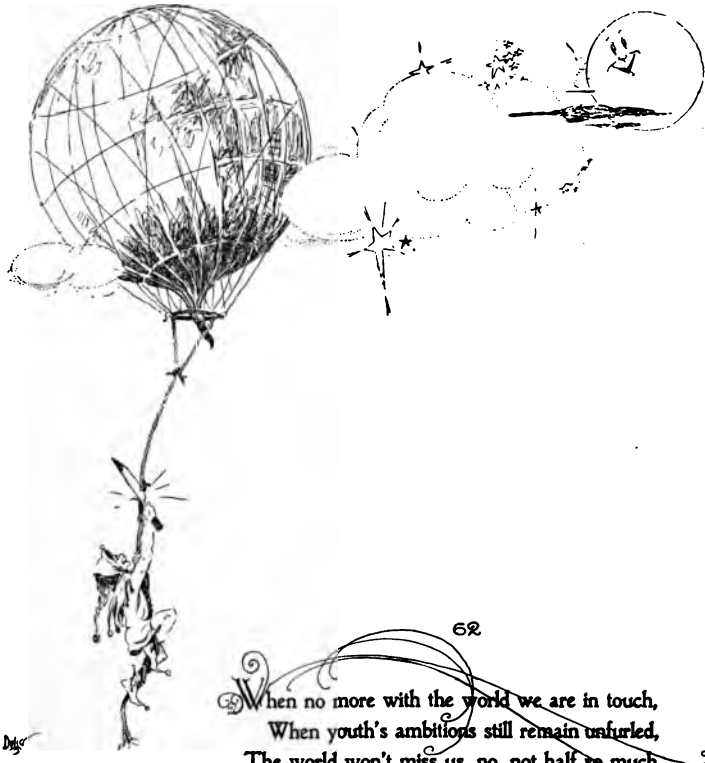


60

Of evils two that we should choose between,
We're apt to weigh the matter oe'r and o'er,
And then decide, with conscience quite serene,
To choose the one we haven't tried before.

61

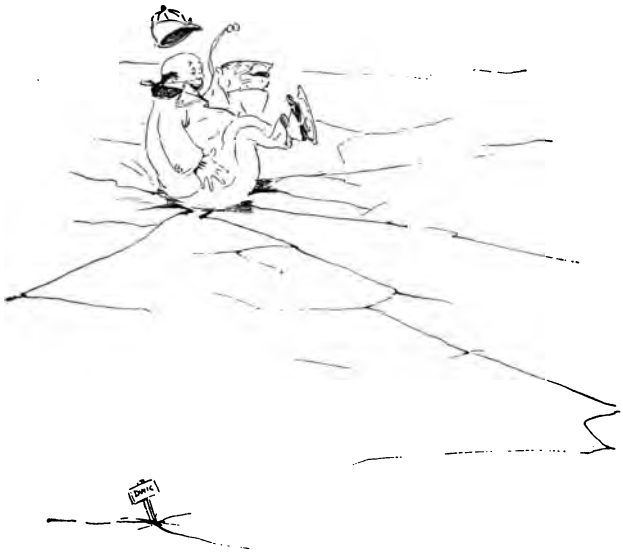
I've quite despised the poet's trade;
Plain prose to him was sweeter.
But he fell in love with a pretty maid,
And then he ran to metre.



62

When no more with the world we are in touch,
When youth's ambitions still remain unfurled,
The world won't miss us, no, not half so much
As we, chagrined, will miss this dear old world.

To mend our ways we're all inclined,
Unless too deeply steeped in sin.
The greatest trouble is to find
The place that's easiest to begin.



64

Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and alone you grieve;
For it's ten to one that just for fun
The world laughs in its sleeve.

If love is a disease that we
May catch (and who dare doubt it?)
Then Cupid must a surgeon be,
For all his victims, don't you see?
Feel much cut up about it.

66

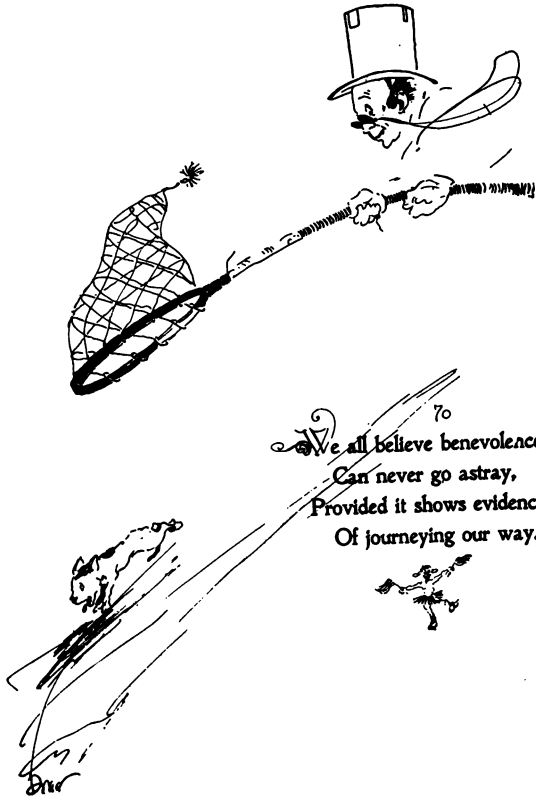
When all has been said,
If you like caviar,
The longer we're dead,
The better we are.

The world is wise, and ought to know, it is so old,
An empty heart is heavier than a bag of gold.

68

The truth is mighty
And will prevail;
A lie is quite e-
Nough to nail.

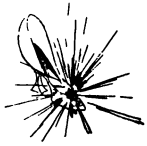
Our memories are very far
From perfect. Sad regret!
The things we most remember are
The things we should forget.

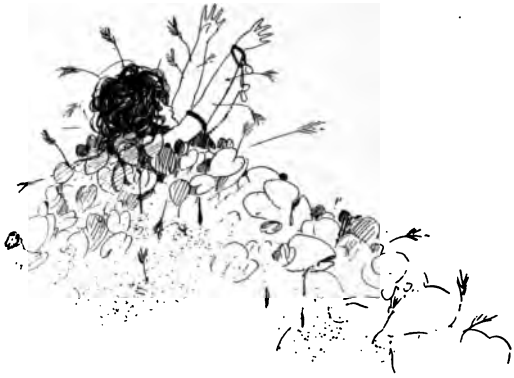


70

We all believe benevolence
Can never go astray,
Provided it shows evidence
Of journeying our way.

An epigram is always sure to please,
And yet this secret I would fain confess:
A platitude, worn baggy at the knees,
May scintillate when garbed in evening dress!





72

Love meets with many a sad rebuff;
E'en fortune needs a crutch.
We never know we have enough,
Until we get too much.

Milady has an optimistic
Sort of queerness: she
Prefers, to grave fidelity,
A quite sardonic glee.

That blessings come disguised is true;
Of course, you ought to prize them.
The trouble is that often you
Can scarcely recognize them.

75

Discretion is the better part, they say,
Of valor; nor can any sane man doubt it.
For instance, he who fights and runs away
May come back home and lecture all about it.

We all agree
That honesty
Is quite the proper policy,
Nor stop to think
That we might shrink
From knavish circumstance;
Not that we hold,
When all is told,
Our honor more than love of gold,
But just because
We dare not pause
To take a little chance.

77

An opportunity may flit
Before us like an incubus.
We either get the worst of it,
Or else it gets the best of us.

78

Remorse is but a passing puff
Of bitterness withstood.
It never lasts quite long enough
To do us any good.

79

In feminine geometry
All angles are tabooed;
But angling is a woman's game,
When she is being wooed.

80

No, seeing's not believing,
As some old fogies say.
There are some folks I don't believe,
Yet see them every day.

81

A budding genius! Can there be
A greater gift the gods bestow?
We only tire of him when he
Stops budding and begins to blow.

It is very true that fools rush in
Where angels even fear to tread:
And yet the fool, with discipline,
May be an angel when he's dead.

We've been told in flowing rhyme
Of footprints in the sands of time.
And yet we can't help wondering why
The footprints come when time does fly.

84

Life is full of ups and downs,
Full of joys and full of sorrows,
Full of smiles and full of frowns,
Full of yesterdays and 'morrows.

85

When Satan fails with all his wiles
In running down a fool,
He sends a woman and her smiles—
His never-failing tool.

To take things as they come, you'll find,
May not require much skill;
Yet if you don't, pray bear in mind,
Some other fellow will.

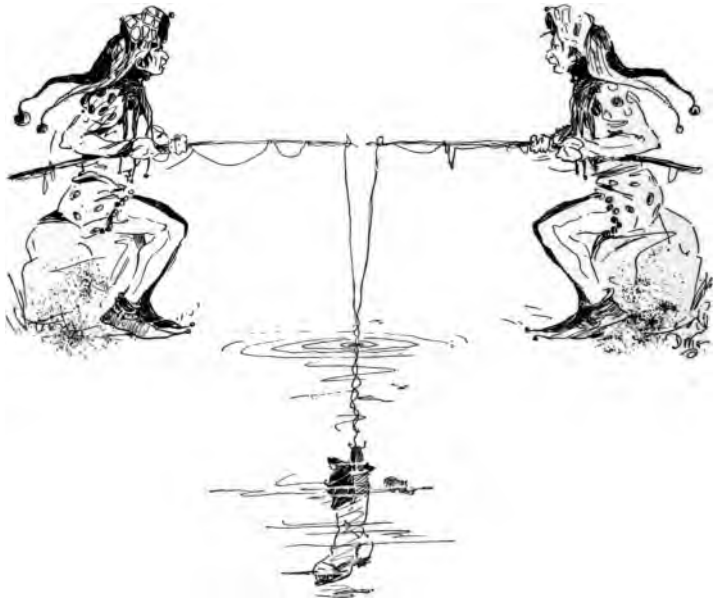
87

'Tis hard, in opportunity,
To give discerning heed—
And choose with wise serenity
Between a want and need.

No matter how ridiculous
Our weaknesses may be,
We never fail
Our friends to flail
When theirs we chance to see.

89

A paradox hard to believe—
A paradox long since apprised:
Whom woman, fair, does not deceive
Is happy, but fairly surprised.



Our own success, of course, is due,
To what we call our pluck;
But when a rival wins it, too,
We growl about his luck.

We often give our sympathy
When, did we pause but to reflect,
We could not help but plainly see
A kick would have much more effect.

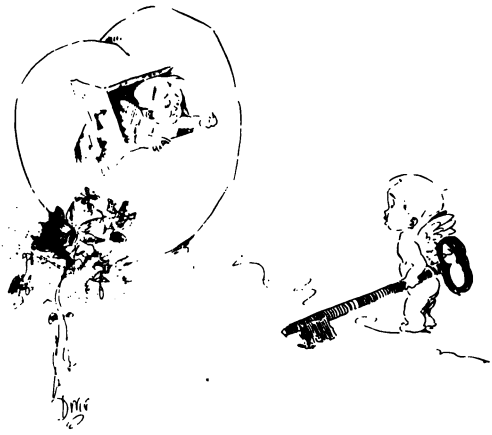
92

We cannot take our wealth beyond the grave,
This is a lesson wise men all should learn.
'Tis only fools and spendthrifts who behave
As though their money was but made to burn.

Much of the trouble in this life
Is due to simply this.—
That ignorance, however rife,
Is very seldom bliss.

'Tis woman's lot, when pleasure's bowl is flowing,
To simply drain the dregs;
The rooster struts around and does the crowing—
The hen lays all the eggs.

Alas! this world is full of guile,
Regrets for hasty approbation.
Too late we find a sunny smile
May hide a shady reputation.



96

Sometimes the lover thinks that he
Holds to his lady's heart the key,
And finds, when he is forced to knock,
Some other swain has picked the lock.

A friend in need is a friend indeed;
And yet it may depend
On whether you're the one in need,
Or whether it's your friend.

When girls are seen to sit alone,
A-building castles in the air,
You may be sure the cornerstone
Is usually a solitaire.

It is a waste of energy—
This is no golden rule—
To swear at deaf men thoughtlessly,
Or to advise a fool.

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100

The summer girl is noted for
The light ring of her laughter.
Look out, young man, for there are more
Expensive rings she's after.